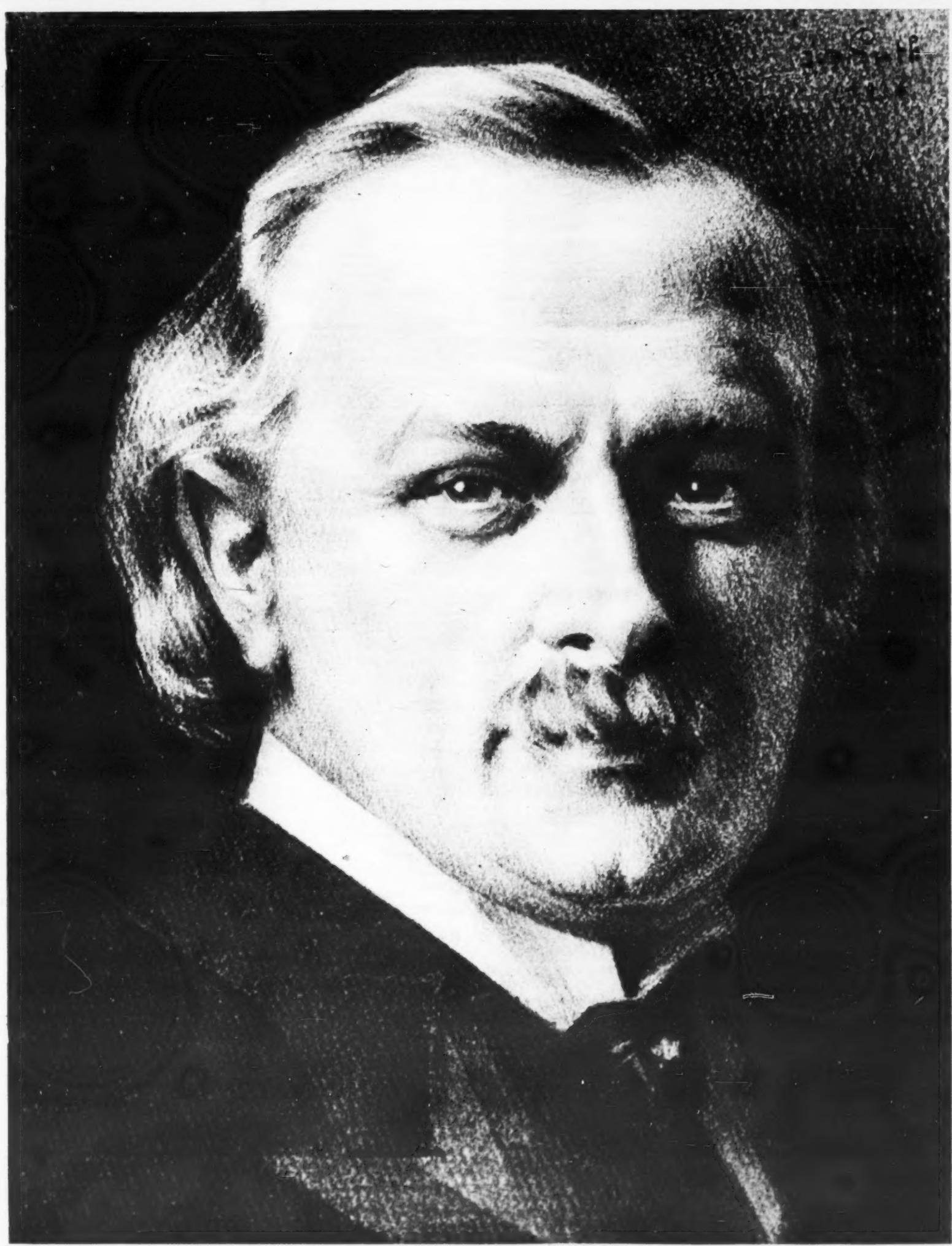


VOL. IV., NO. 15. DECEMBER 14, 1916.

PRICE TEN CENTS

The New York Times
MID-WEEK
PICTORIAL



ENGLAND'S NEW PREMIER.
David Lloyd George, Who Has Accepted from King
George the Office of Prime Minister and the Re-
sponsibility for Forming a New British Cabinet.

(From the Painting by Jean-Baptiste Guila.)

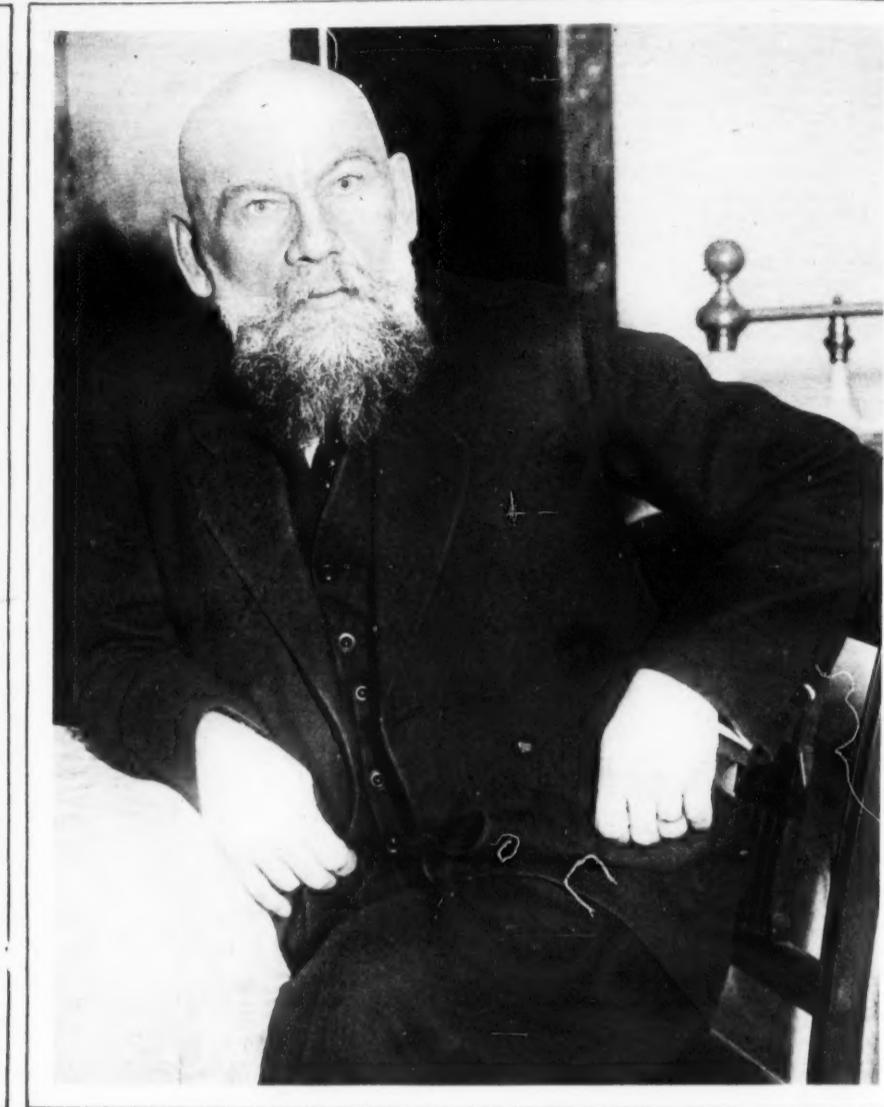
Some Personalities in Photogravure



DEVOTING HER TIME TO THE WOUNDED.

A new and charming portrait of Lady Victor Paget, who is working assiduously with the British Red Cross. Lady Paget before her marriage was Olive May, a popular London actress. Her husband, Lord Victor William Paget, is an Assistant Military Landing Officer, with the rank of Captain.

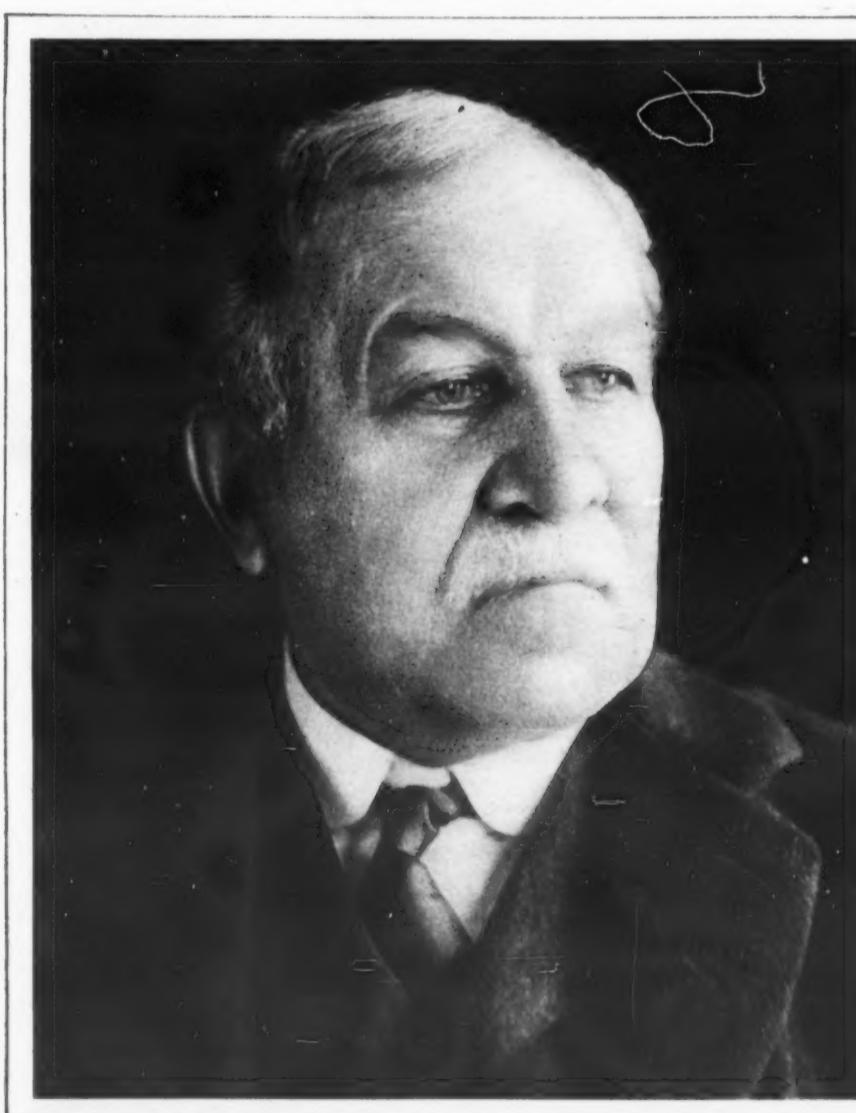
(Central News Photo Service.)



TO LECTURE ON HIS FATHER.

Count Eli Tolstoy, second son of the late Russian novelist, who is paying his first visit to America in order to lecture on the life and works of his noted father. Count Tolstoy learned English thirty-five years ago, and has scarcely spoken it since, but still speaks the language with remarkable fluency.

(Photos © Underwood & Underwood.)



HE WAS FAMOUS AS TAMMANY'S CHIEF.

The latest photograph of Mr. Richard Croker, the ex-chief of Tammany Hall, who recently arrived in this country from his home in Ireland. Mr. and Mrs. Croker expect to remain in this country for the next two years. Mr. Croker is no longer connected with the famous New York political machine.



IN HER VEINS RUNS THE BLOOD OF INDIAN CHIEFTAINS.

This photograph of Mrs. Croker was taken since her arrival in this country a few days ago, and shows her to be even more beautiful now than when, three years ago, she sailed for Europe as a bride. Mrs. Croker, it will be remembered, is a lineal descendant of Sequoyah, the Cherokee Indian chieftain.



WATCHING SURF BATHERS AT WAIKIKI BEACH, NEAR HONOLULU.
(Central News Photo Service.)

IN THE HAWAIIAN WONDERLAND

By Charles Johnston

HERE are two things that every one is likely to speak of if he undertakes to write about Hawaii and Honolulu; the first is its character as an earthly paradise, the long and wonderful beaches, with the wild delight of riding the surf; the palaces that fringe the ocean in the lucent sunlight; the eternal Spring, that here enamels every hing; the marvelous park, under Diamond Head, with its lotus lakes, its lacework of palm trees, its unimaginable beauty of flowers; the witchery of native life and native music, this, the inevitable outstanding quality; second,

and almost as certain to be chronicled, the extraordinary triad of volcanoes, standing up nearly 14,000 feet high—little under three miles—almost stark out of the ocean, and that, an ocean sinking to abysmal depths, more than 18,000 feet deep for vast spaces between the islands and any other land. Mark Twain has written magnificently of the enormous crater of Kilauea in one of his earliest and one of his best books, and he has had innumerable followers, always at a respectable distance. But these two things, the volcanoes and the natural charm of the place, prac-

tically never go unmentioned in any writing about the Hawaiian Islands or their capital, Honolulu.

But there are two other very striking things, which few people write about; only a few people have written about either of them; still fewer have written about both; but, once you grasp them, both make a tremendous imaginative appeal. The first is a peculiarity which the Hawaiian archipelago shares to some degree with other islands hid in remote corners of the ocean, but which no islands possess in such a high degree: the strangeness of its natural life

—of the creatures and the plants which inhabit it. It is, of course, true that land animals only travel by land, or across very narrow spaces of water. The giant elks of Ireland went there dry shod while the British Isles were still solidly joined to Northern France. The moles came later, after Ireland had been separated from England; so that, while they were able to cross to England, burrowing under earth where now flows the English Channel, they never succeeded in reaching Ireland. But, as the Hawaiian Islands have not been, at least for ages inconceivably long, joined



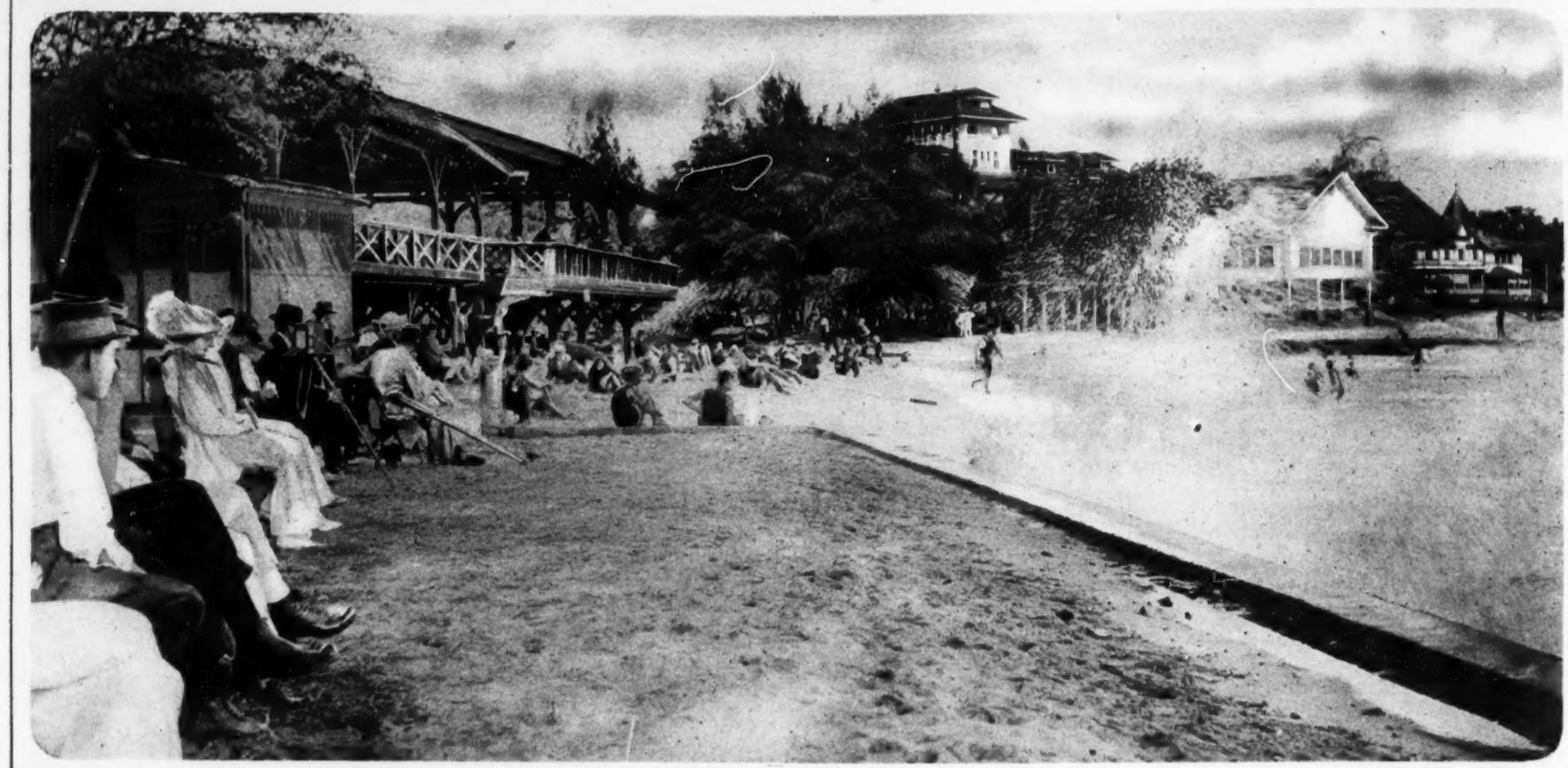
A native, engaged in surf fishing with a cast net.



Fishing in one of the islands' many rocky harbors; a native woman of humble station.
(Photos from "Mid Pacific.")



Surf riding, the famous Hawaiian sport, at which the natives excel.



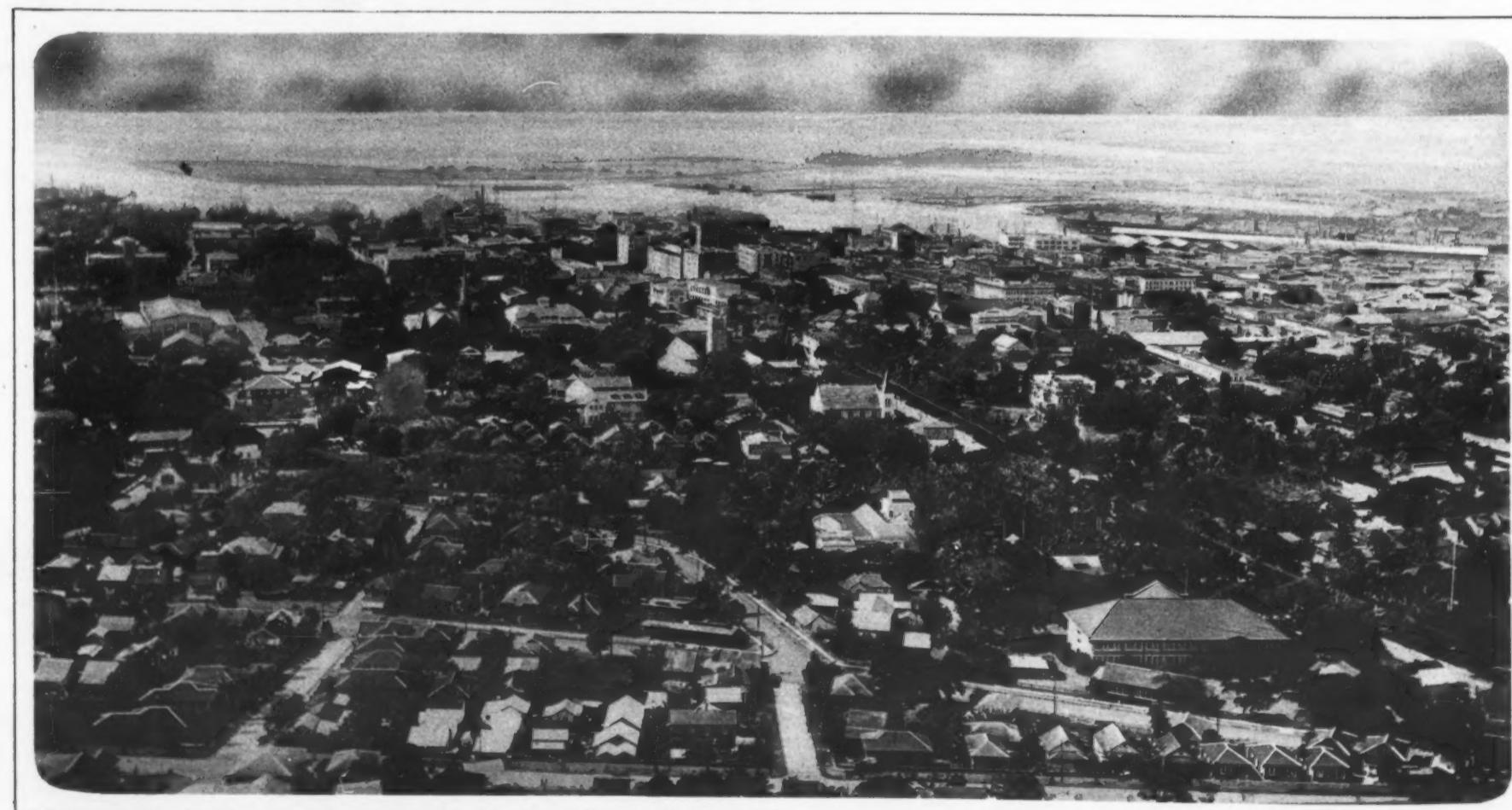
"ON THE BEACH; THE HAWAIIAN LIFE IS AN OUTDOOR LIFE, AND THE RIM OF THE OCEAN IS ITS CENTRE."

to any other land, whether to the east or to the west, it necessarily follows that neither deer nor moles, nor any other creature whatever which is confined to walking on the earth or burrowing under it, has ever reached these islands, unless brought thither by man. Of creeping or running things there are two lizards, and there the list ends.

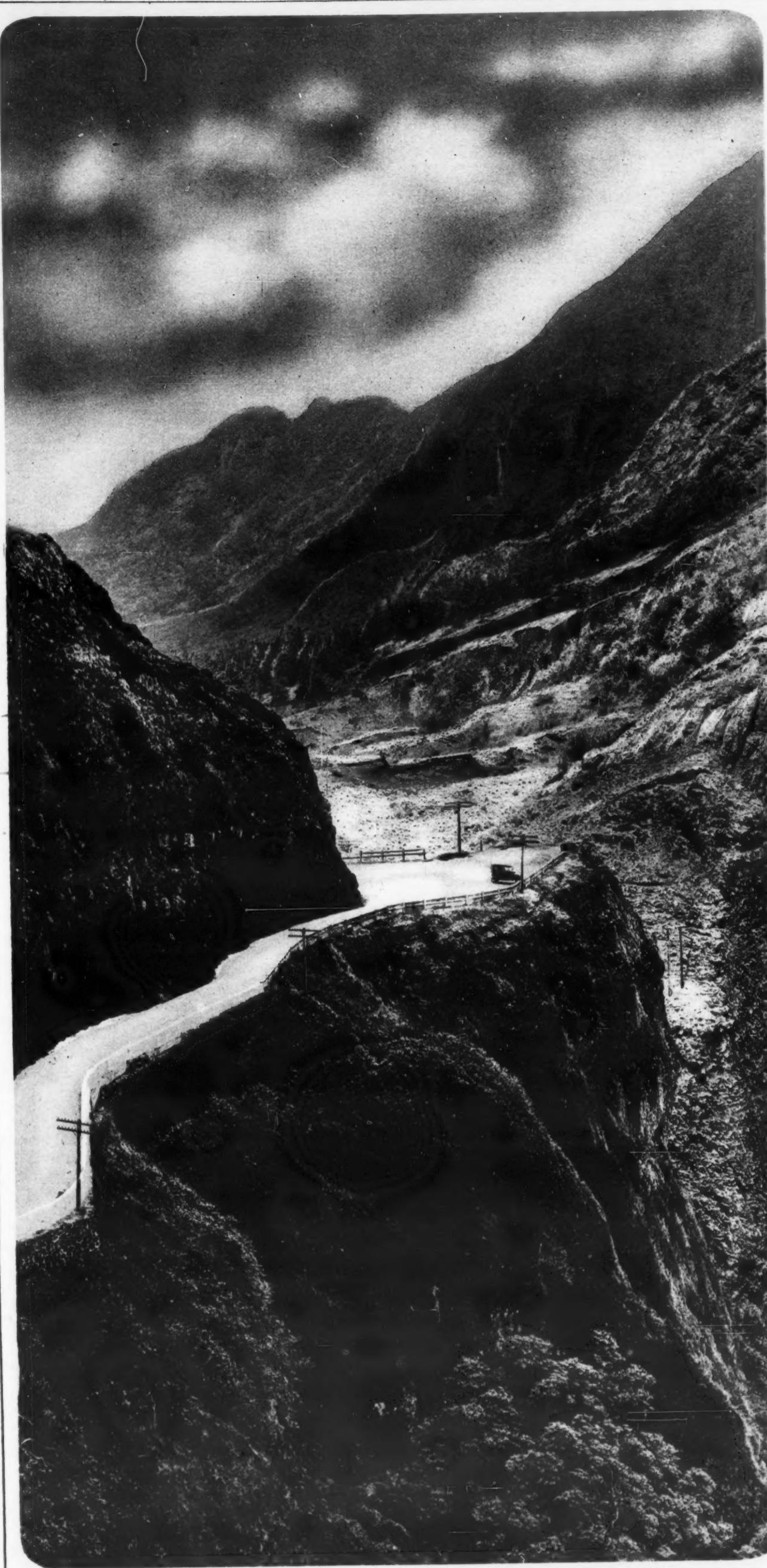
Birds, of course, can go enormous distances, and some of them do. The little petrels that visit New York Harbor each Summer nest in Kerguelen Land, in the remote ocean south of India. Hummingbirds fly from South America to Canada each Spring, and back again each Winter. Blackpoll Warblers go from Venezuela to Alaska and back every nesting season. Yet the chances of any land bird finding its way, in the vast fields of the ocean, to the Hawaiian Islands are exceedingly small; and the birds that have made



"MODERN HAWAII: A FASHIONABLE HOTEL OF A FASHIONABLE SUBURB OF HONOLULU."



"THE HEART OF THE PACIFIC." A VIEW OVER THE CITY AND HARBOR OF HONOLULU.

THURSDAY.
DECEMBER 14, 1916.

THE FAMOUS CONCRETE DRIVE IN THE BEAUTIFUL NUUANU PALI REGION NEAR HONOLULU.
(Photos Central News Service.)

the journey, once they found themselves in this earthly paradise—a paradise where they had hardly any enemies—not only increased and multiplied, but developed and varied astonishingly; so that now four-fifths of the smaller land birds are altogether peculiar to this group; so unlike any birds we know that there are simply no names for them except the almost forgotten native names and the bizarre manufactured names of the ornithologists.

What holds for the birds holds for the plants and trees also. Excepting those brought thither—most of them quite recently—by man, the trees and plants are unlike those found anywhere else in the world, though they have, of course, relationships through remote ancestors. Of plants and trees, Alfred Russel Wallace enumerates exactly 999; about 800 of them are peculiar to these islands. And some of the oddest are akin to our familiar flowers; thus, there are lobelias thirty or forty feet high; geraniums grow to twelve and these islands; violets become tall shrubby plants. The whole series, plants and birds, could hardly be odder if they had been deliberately invented by a highly imaginative naturalist and painted by a Japanese artist.

Naturalists, in trying to account for these things, waver about the hypothesis of a lost continent, united with South America, or with New Zealand and Australia, or perhaps at different times with both. And here we come to our second unusual and remote interest in the Hawaiian Islands, so often skipped and forgotten in favor of the volcanoes and Kapiolani Park; namely, the most ancient legends, not only here, but scattered broadcast over the largest of oceans, from Easter Island to New Zealand, of just such a submerged continent as the naturalists seem to need to account for the oddities of the birds and plants.

And the chief point of interest is this: that in all these legends, handed down among tribes that never heard of each other, that lost continent is called Hawaii, or, more correctly, Hawaiki, since the consonant is skipped in the soft speech of the islands. The Maoris of New Zealand say that they came, in the Arawa canoe, from Hawaiki, which lay across the ocean "where the red sun comes up." But most of the South Sea Islanders think of Hawaiki as "beyond the sunset," which seems really to mean that it has sunk into the ocean, as the sun sinks in the evening. The souls of their dead go thither, to this land beyond the sunset, and on the western side of most of the islands there is a "spirit's leap," by which the ghosts pass on their way to paradise. In the Hawaiian Islands they said that the real Hawaiki was elsewhere: "it was a sacred land; a man must be righteous to attain to it; if faulty, he cannot go there; if he prefers his family, he will not enter its dark mountains." In its midst were the waters of life, and from it were driven forth the earliest human pair, and the exiled man is spoken of as "the fallen chief," "the mourner."

So, perhaps, if both the naturalists and the Maoris are right, the marvelous birds and plants which even today inhabit our Hawaii Territory represent the flora and fauna of a real submerged continent, a genuine earthly paradise.

The Heart of Athens, Centre of Greek-Allies Conflict

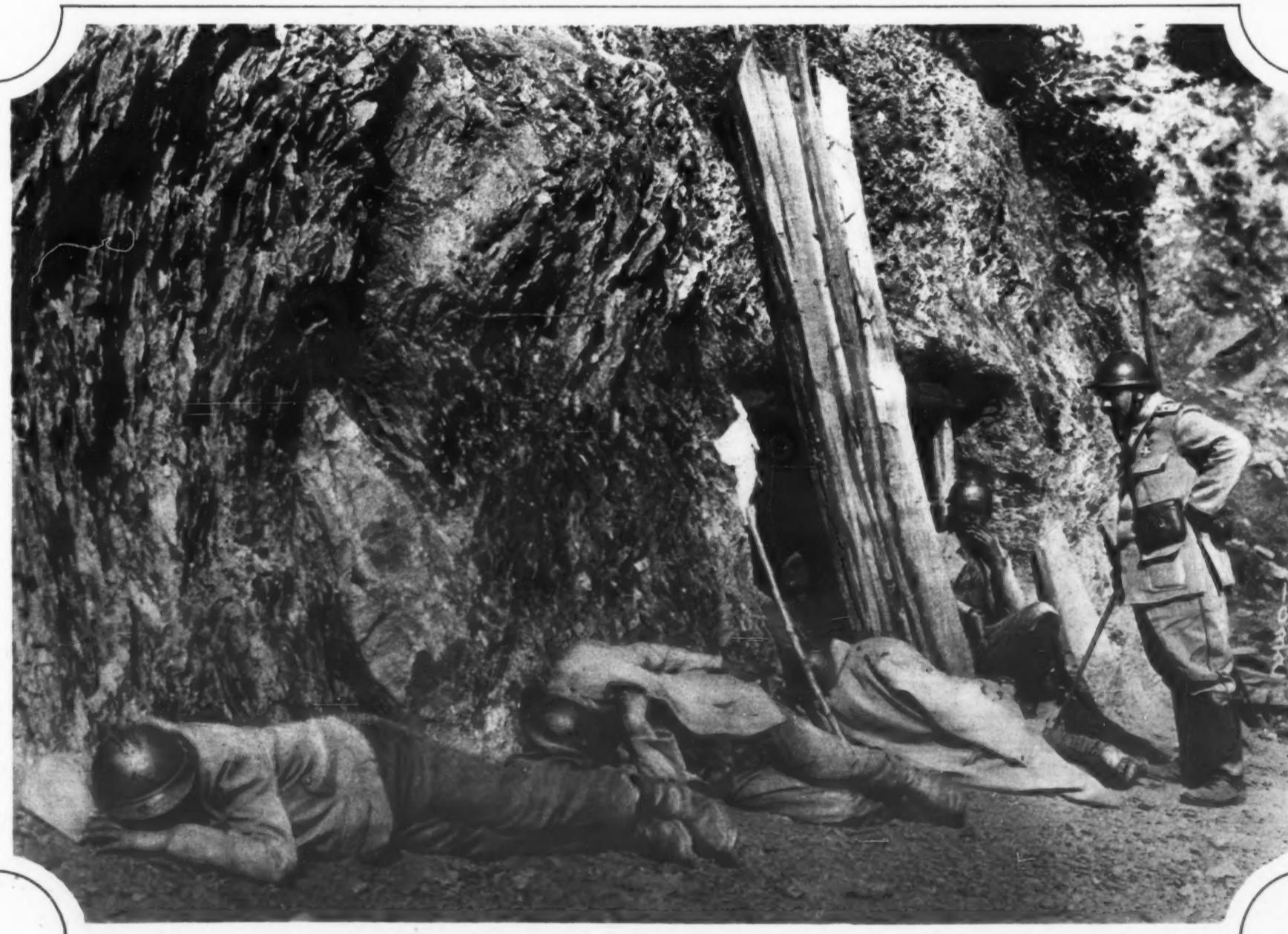


THIS FINE PHOTOGRAPH OF THE HEART OF THE CITY OF ATHENS, TAKEN FROM THE ACROPOLIS, IS OF PARTICULAR INTEREST IN VIEW OF THE RECENT FIGHTING IN THE GRECIAN CAPITAL. FOLLOWING THE LANDING OF FRENCH MARINES, THERE WERE SERIOUS CLASHES WITH THE GREEK TROOPS BEFORE A COMPROMISE WAS EFFECTED INVOLVING THE SURRENDER OF THE GRECIAN GUNS DEMANDED BY THE FRENCH ADMIRAL, DU FOURNET. (Central News Photo Service.)

Action and Reaction on the Serbian Firing Line



A Serbian heavy gun in operation against the Bulgars; the officers are directing the action and adjusting the range.



French soldiers of General Sarrail's army lying wounded outside of first line trench dugouts waiting for the members of the Red Cross to come along and take them to the temporary dressing station in the rear. This photograph was taken a few minutes after a sharp sortie directed against the Bulgars.
(Photos © International Film Service.)

Ceaselessly the Serb Seeks to Reconquer His Lost Country



SERBIAN SOLDIERS OF THE NEW ARMY BUILDING BARB WIRE DEFENSES ON A MOUNTAIN HEIGHT OVERLOOKING MONASTIR.

(Official Balkan War Records; © International Film Service.)

In a Balkan Base Hospital—Briton and Serb

In a Balkan Base Hospital—British and Serbian



The British nurse, who retreated with the Serbians when their country was overrun by the Teutons, has likewise returned with the new Serbian army, and is here seen, again aiding King Peter's wounded men.

(Official Balkan War Records; © International Film Services.)

Generals of France Line Up for British Honors



THIS GROUP CONTAINS A NUMBER OF DISTINGUISHED FRENCH GENERALS GATHERED IN A PARK BEHIND THE FRENCH FRONT; THEY ARE AWAITING THE ARRIVAL OF THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT, WHO WILL CONFER UPON EACH COMMANDER AN ENGLISH DECORATION OR BADGE OF HONOR.

(Central News Photo Service.)

From Circles Diplomatic



HE WILL REPRESENT THE UNITED STATES AT THE HAGUE.
John W. Garrett of Baltimore, former Minister to Argentina, who has been serving the State Department in a special capacity at Paris since the outbreak of the European war, has been chosen to succeed Dr. van Dyke as Minister to the Netherlands. Mr. Garrett is a Republican, a friend of President Wilson, and has been connected with the American Diplomatic Service and the State Department in various important capacities for the past fifteen years.



BACK TO BERLIN AND HARD WORK.

Ambassador and Mrs. James W. Gerard on board the steamship *Frederick VIII.*, before leaving on Dec. 6 for Germany, where Mr. Gerard will resume his duties as American Ambassador. With Mrs. Gerard, the Ambassador had been having a two months' holiday at home, included among the incidents of which is the incipiency of a Gerard boom for the New York Mayoralty race next year.

(Photos by Central News.)



POET MERELY, DIPLOMAT NO LONGER.

Dr. Henry van Dyke, whose resignation as Minister to the Netherlands has been accepted by President Wilson, with his daughter, Katrina. President Wilson appointed Dr. van Dyke Minister to the Netherlands in June of 1913. Before that time he was for years Professor of English Literature at Princeton University. During his term of service at The Hague Dr. van Dyke took a prominent part in relief work for Americans stranded in Europe.

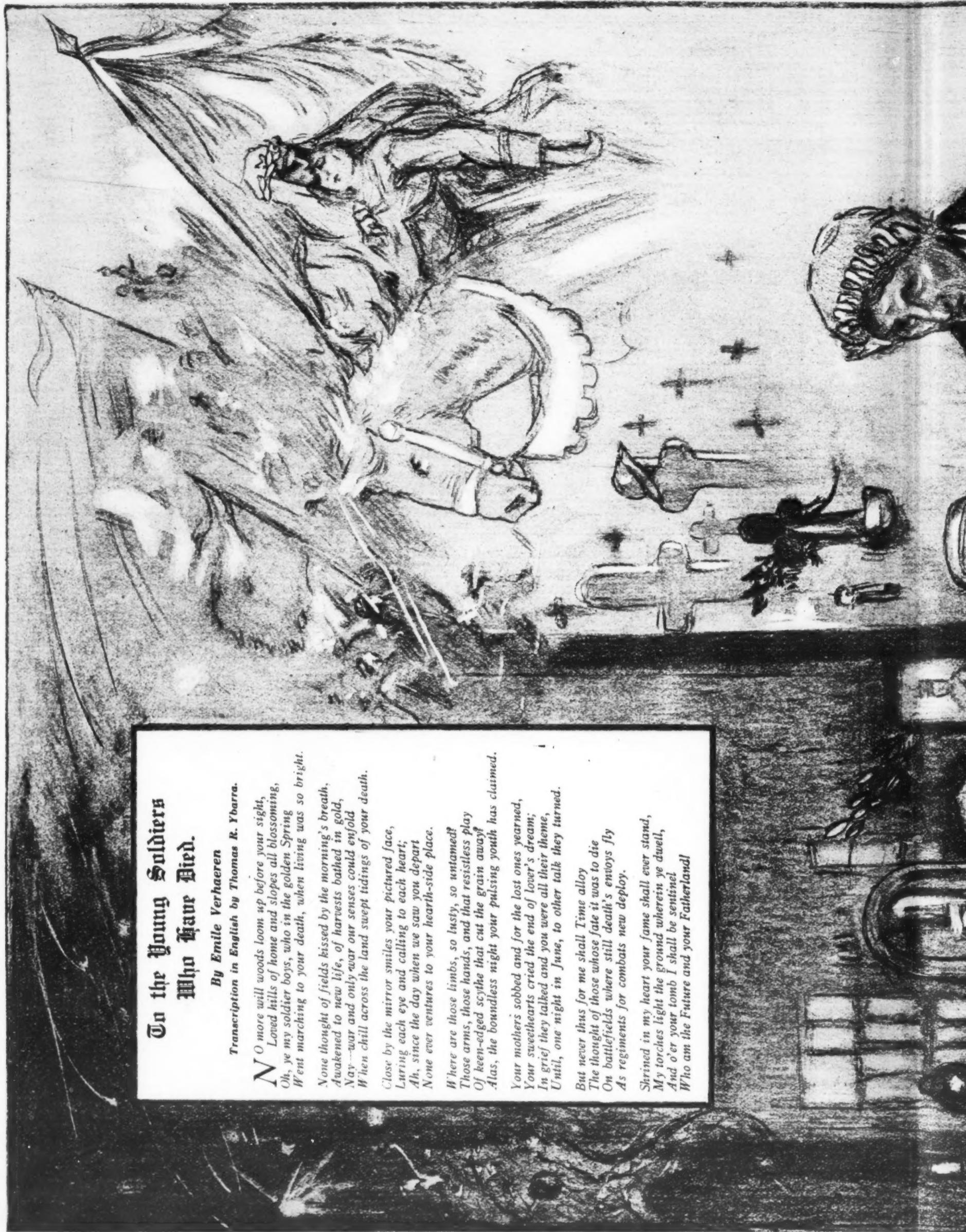
(Photo by Weil, from U. & U.)



HELPS TO NURSE HER ONE-TIME ENEMY.

Russia succored by Japan! Russia buying Japanese commodities! It is a pleasing picture, when one thinks back to the not far-distant days of Russo-Japanese strife. Mme. Motono, who is seen in the picture above, (at right,) has been in Russia nursing wounded soldiers. Her husband, formerly Ambassador to Russia, now Foreign Minister of Japan, has been honored by the Czar with decorations of the highest Russian orders of merit.

(Press Illustrating Co.)



On the Young Soldiers Who Have Died.

By Emile Verhaeren

Transcription in English by Thomas R. Ybarra.

No more will woods loom up before your sight,
Loved hills of home and slopes all blossoming,
Oh, ye my soldier boys, who in the golden Spring
Went marching to your death, when living was so bright.

None thought of fields kissed by the morning's breath,
Awakened to new life, of harvests bathed in gold,
Nay—war and only war our senses could enfold,
When chill across the land swept tidings of your death.

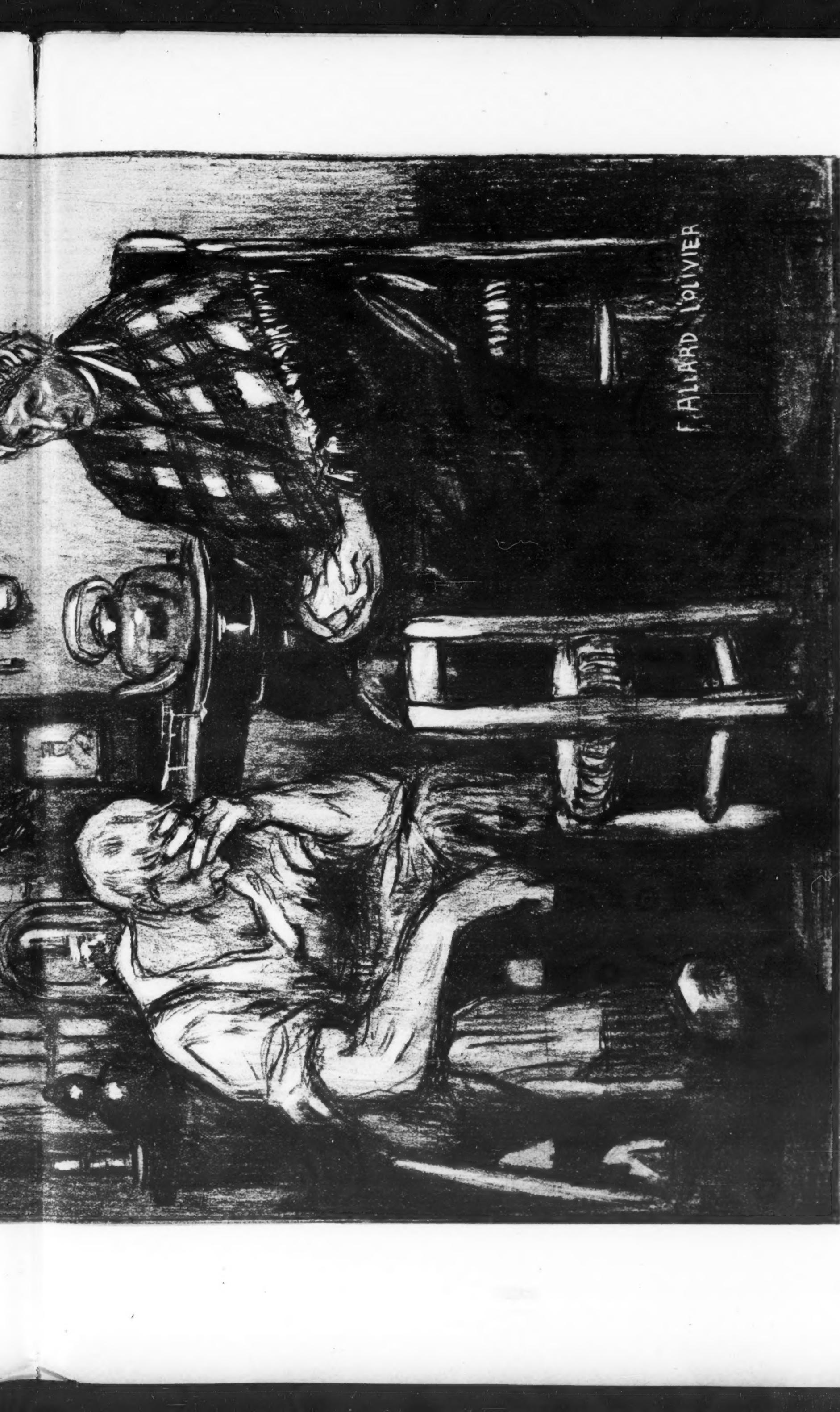
Close by the mirror smiles your pictured face,
Luring each eye and calling to each heart;
Ah, since the day when we saw you depart
None ever ventures to your hearth-side place.

Where are those limbs, so lusty, so untamed?
Those arms, those hands, and that restless play
Of keen-engaged scythe that cut the grain away?
Alas, the boundless night your pulsing youth has claimed.

Your mothers sobbed and for the lost ones yearned,
Your sweethearts cried the end of lover's dream;
In grief they talked and you were all their theme,
Until, one night in June, to other talk they turned.

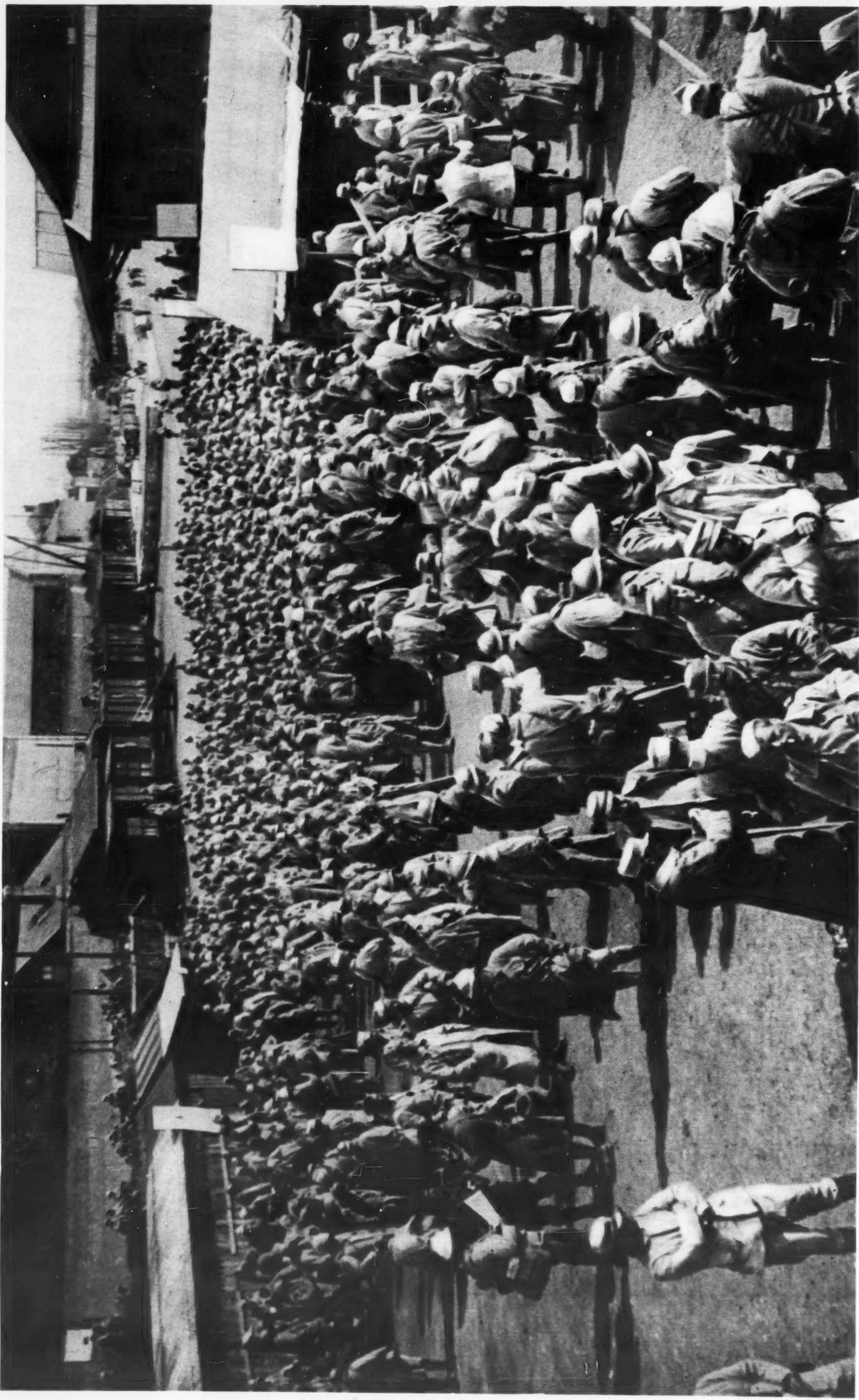
But never thus for me shall Time alloy
The thought of those whose fate it was to die
On battlefields where still death's envys fly
As regiments for combats new deploy.

Shrined in my heart your fame shall ever stand,
My torches light the ground wherein ye dwell,
And o'er your tomb I shall be sentinel
Who am the Future and your Fatherland!



The above verses are among the last written by Emil Verhaeren, the Belgian poet, who met an untimely death in a train accident at Rouen, France, only two weeks ago. Verhaeren has been called the national poet of Belgium, his writings having wide popularity with French-speaking peoples. Many of his poems and one of his dramas have been translated into English. The illustration accompanying the poem is by the contemporary French artist, F. Allard-l'Olivier.

Hail the Permissionnaire, Fresh from the Trenches



A great crowd of French permissionnaires, or soldiers on leave, waiting for the trains to take them home for their brief holiday and respite from warfare. The French War Office has ordered that all soldiers be granted at least eight days' leave every four months.

(Underwood & Underwood.)

Ancient Romance Grips the Heart of Modern Japan

By Katherine Woods

WITH courtly rites whose mystic significance harked back to legendary ages of 2,500 years ago, 15-year-old Hirohito, Crown Prince of Japan, has been formally recognized as Heir Apparent to the imperial throne. And among all our present-day ceremonies—few enough, at best, in this hurried, efficient modern age—none rivals this “investiture” in its quality of picturesqueness, of alluring incongruity, of ancient romance. Out in the great world the life of Japan as a progressive power went on stirringly. Within the imperial palace in Tokio, in the sacred hall, the Emperor of Japan paid reverent homage before the shrine of his ancestors, and told them that his son was to take his place in the god-born line that they founded 2,500 years ago. For the imperial dynasty of Japan is the oldest in the world. And it is held sacred. No mere theory of the “divine right” of Kings vests itself in the boy who has been “recognized” as heir; the rulers of Japan are themselves held divine, descended from the gods; and by this belief the installation of Hirohito is the first step in the future Emperor’s deification.

The celebration of the Crown Prince’s recognition as heir occupied the greater part of four days, beginning Nov. 3 and ending on the 6th. But the formal installation took place on the first of these days, which is the birthday of the late Emperor Mutsuhito, and as such a national holiday. It was definitely an “installation”; the mere proclamation that the oldest son of the Emperor was next in line to the throne was formally, and of course rather perfunctorily, made after Yoshihito ascended the throne, in 1912. The ceremonies of installation were reserved until this year



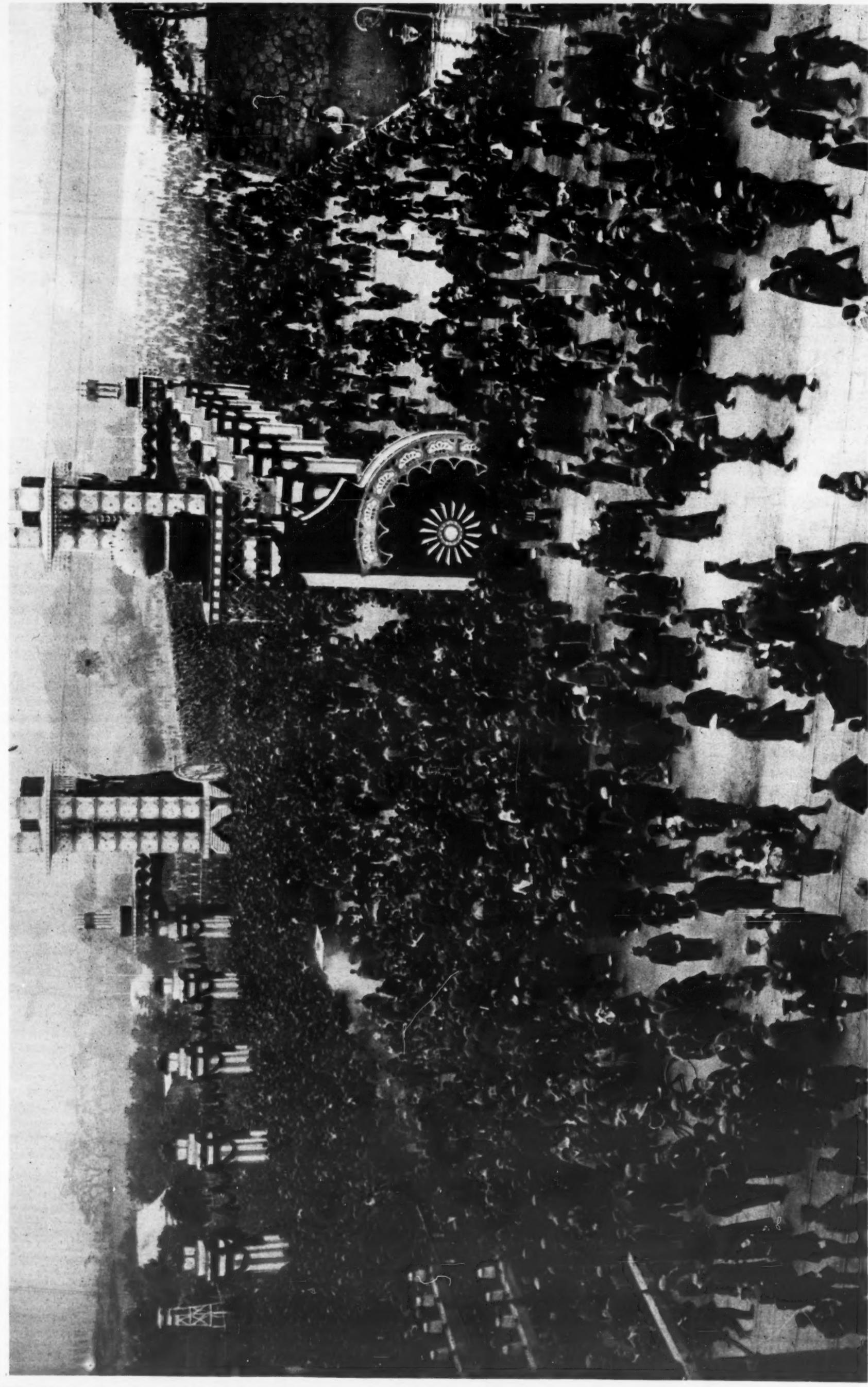
Fifteen-year-old Hirohito, Crown Prince of Japan, who is now formally recognized as Kotoishi—"the Emperor's Son, who is heir apparent to the imperial throne."
(Press Illustrating Co.)

and this holiday. The main features of the formal rite are two, the address by which the Emperor notifies his ancestors of his son’s acceptance as heir; and the presentation of the Sacred Sword to the young Prince. And in both of these the real beauty of ancient custom and faith makes itself manifest. Early in the morning of Nov. 3 the Emperor, Crown Prince, Princes of the blood, Ministers, and Court dignitaries assembled in the sacred hall, and a religious service, according to the ancient Shinto rite, was held. After a prayer by the Shinto ritualist, the Emperor read his address and the Prince was formally appointed to his high estate. After that the ceremonies of the outer hall began—a state reception, where the imperial family received congratulations; a banquet, a public address by the Emperor, Japanese dances, and ancient and modern music mingled for the occasion in a most fitting manner. And there were magnificent illuminations and processions. These state ceremonies were rich, impressive, beautiful. But the real service of recognition was that of the sacred hall.

For in this the life of modern Japan links itself with the tradition of centuries ago, and the simple dignity of the Shinto cult—“the way of the gods”—embodies the religious significance of ancient ages in the title of the boy who will some day rule Japan. Shinto has no metaphysics, no code of morals, no priesthood, no images; it offers, together with its nature worship, a call to noble living in devotion to the memory and example of the dead. One writer has said, “The spirit of Shinto is the spirit of filial piety.” But if the spirit of Shinto is the spirit of



A FEW DAYS BEFORE THE CEREMONY; THE DREARY ASPECT OF THE GROUNDS IN FRONT OF THE IMPERIAL PALACE AT TOKYO.
Compare with this the photograph on the next page.
(Paul Thompson Photo.)



THIS IS THE SAME SPOT AS SHOWN ON THE PRECEDING PAGE
—THE FETE GROUND IN FRONT OF THE IMPERIAL PALACE—ON

ONE OF THE DAYS OF THE CEREMONY; THE CROWDS ARE WAIT-
ING FOR THE APPEARANCE OF THE CROWN PRINCE AFTER THE

PROCLAMATION OF HIS OFFICIAL RECOGNITION AS THE HEIR
APPARENT TO THE THRONE.
(© International Film Service.)



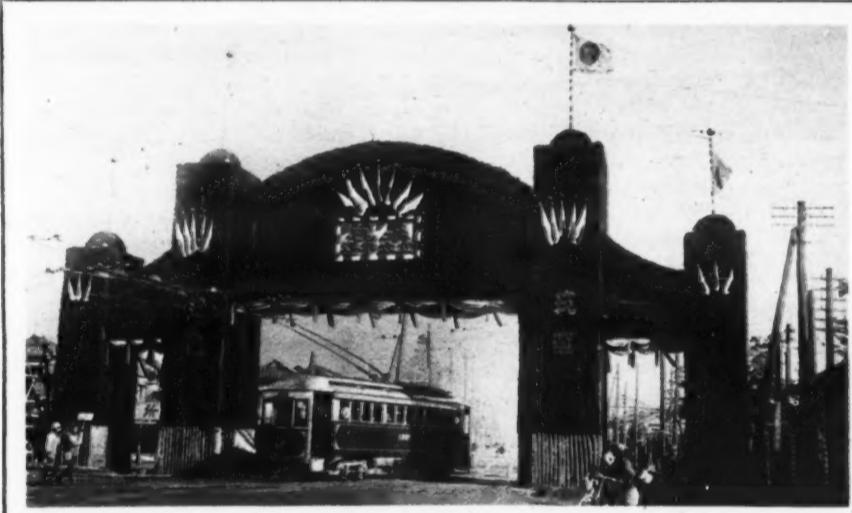
THE SCHOOL CHILDREN OF TOKIO CRY "BANZAI!" FOR THEIR CROWN PRINCE.

filial piety, it is no less true that the heart of Japanese history can be found in the Shinto belief of the divine origin of the imperial family.

Tradition, largely believed among the people of Japan, states that there were many years of rule by seven generations of heaven-born divinities; that these were succeeded by five generations of long-lived earthborn rulers; and that these last were the founders of the present imperial dynasty. The Empire of Japan, by this tradition, was founded by Jimmu Tenno in 660 B. C. According to a foreign scholar who has carefully sifted the material at hand, strangely compounded, as it is, of fact and fiction, the first absolutely authen-

tic date in Japanese history is 461 A. D. But this gives, as a historical fact, the assurance of being the oldest continuous dynasty in the world to the imperial family of Japan, which can probably boast an "unbroken line" of eighteen or twenty centuries. An interesting document about the divine origin of the rulers of Japan was compiled by a Japanese scholar during the period 1340-43, and, although it had little circulation or influence at the time, it was destined to produce great and lasting results in future ages. The author wrote:

"Great Yamato is a divine country. It is only our land whose foundations were first laid by the divine ancestor



HERE MEET THE SPIRITS OF ANCIENT AND MODERN JAPAN; A TROLLEY CAR PASSES ONE OF THE "RECOGNITION" ARCHES.



TOKIO LADIES WAITING IN THE EARLY HOURS FOR THE PROCESSION OF THE CROWN PRINCE TO PASS ON ITS WAY TO THE CEREMONY OF THE RECOGNITION.
(Photos © International Film Service and Paul Thompson.)



EAST AND WEST IN LINE; SELLING FLOWERS ON THE STREETS OF TOKIO DURING THE CELEBRATION.
(Paul Thompson.)

It alone has been transmitted by the Sun Goddess to a long line of her descendants. There is nothing of this kind in foreign countries. Therefore it is called the divine land. It is only our country which from the time when the heaven and earth were first unfolded has preserved the succession to the throne intact in one single family. Even when, as sometimes naturally

happened, it descended to a lateral branch, it was held according to first principles. This shows that the oath of the gods (to preserve the succession) is ever renewed in a way which distinguishes Japan from all other countries."

Much water has flowed under the curved Japanese bridges since that day. On Feb. 11, 1889, Japan received a Constitution. But in the Emperor's oath to observe it and in the Constitution itself

there are references to the imperial ancestors that fasten on to the tradition voiced more than 500 years before. And on the day that the Constitution of New Japan was promulgated the Emperor also signed the House Rule, with the following preamble:

"The imperial throne of Japan, enjoying the grace of heaven and everlasting from ages eternal in an unbroken line of succession, has been

transmitted to us through successive reigns. The fundamental rules of our family were established once for all at the time that our ancestors laid the foundations of the empire, and are even at this day as bright as the celestial luminaries. We now desire to make the instructions of our ancestors more exact and express, and to establish for our posterity a house law, by which our house shall be founded in ever-



MUSIC IN THE STREETS; A BAND'S A BAND, THE WORLD OVER.



WITH THEIR BABIES ON THEIR BACKS; TOKIO WOMEN OUT TO SEE THE STREET ILLUMINATIONS.

lasting strength and its dignity be forever maintained." There follows the designation of the eldest son as heir, rules as to styles of address, family procedure, regency, majority of heir and Emperor, &c.

The worship of the imperial ancestors, beginning with the Sun Goddess, Amaterasu-Omi-Kami, "Great Goddess of Celestial Light," is a prime element of national ritual in Japan. And of the eleven great yearly holidays, (in addition to the late Emperor's birthday,) nine are consecrated to the imperial forefathers of the throne. They have very interesting names, some of these holidays: "The sacrifice to the origins," "The worship in four directions," "The Spring sacrifice to the spirits of the imperial ancestors," "The offerings of the first crop to the first ancestor," the Fall sacrifice, and others.

Fifteen-year-old Hirohito, Crown

Prince of Japan, is now formally recognized as Kotaishi—"the Emperor's son who is heir apparent to the imperial throne." The ceremonies of last month were known as the Rittaishi. A religious rite of political significance, the Rittaishi has in it much that is intended for the young Prince himself, to impress him with the manhood that is approaching, with the grave responsibility of his position, with the preparation necessary for the tremendous powers and duties that await him as Emperor. Dressed in orange red, the color of the rising sun, the young Prince listened to the address of his father to the founders of his house and received from him the sword of State, handed down with this ceremony from generation to generation, that symbolized alike the divinity of his ancient origin and the place that awaited him as future ruler of modern Japan.

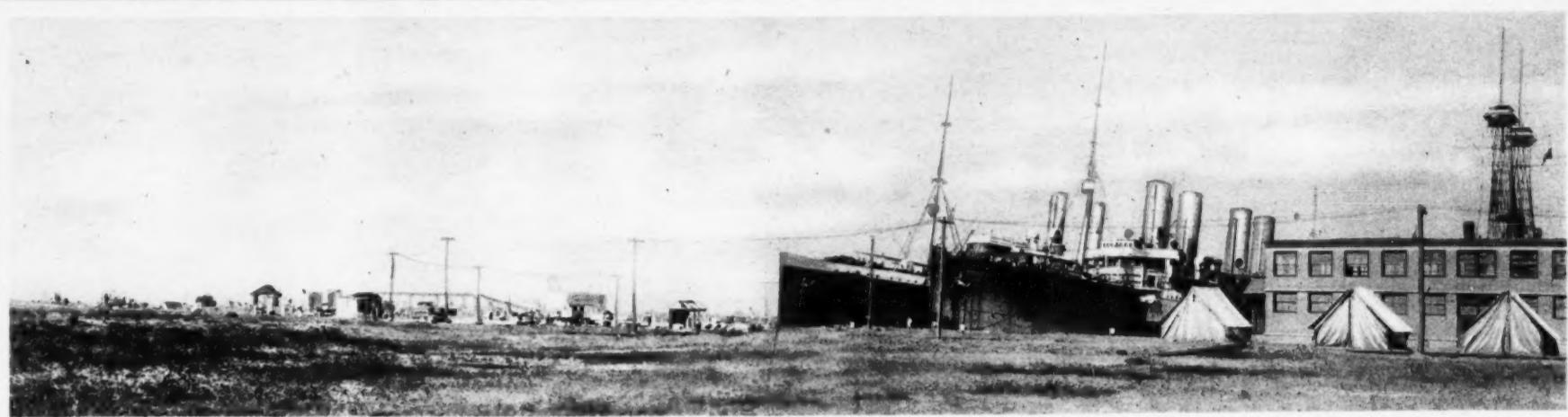


AS IN THE WEST; THE STREET CROWDS WAITED PATIENTLY; AND THE CAMERA MAN WAS THERE!



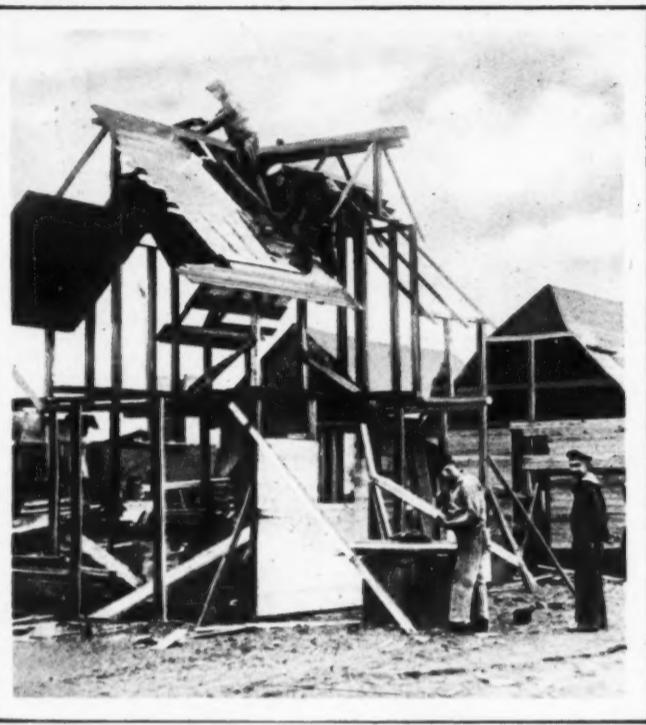
ALL NIPPON WAS OUT, WITH BANNERS AND WITH LIGHTS, TO DO HONOR TO THE CROWN PRINCE.
(Photos © International Film Service.)

Interned Teuton Sailors Build a Little Germany

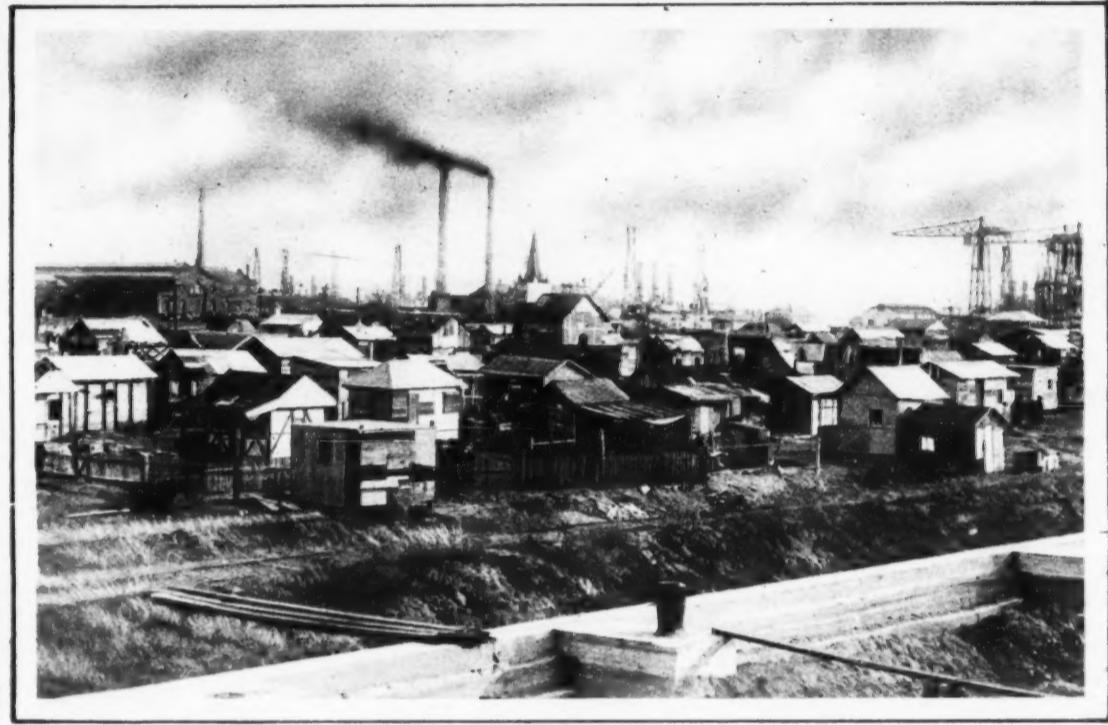


The interned German sea raiders, Prinz Eitel Friedrich and Kronprinz Wilhelm, at their new anchorage at League Island. Visitors are not permitted to approach nearer than the ring of American sentries, unless with a special

pass. On the land adjoining the anchorage of the interned ships the German sailors are building a German village. Here they will live until the war is over, and then either become American citizens or return to their homeland.



The interned German sailors at work upon one of their houses.



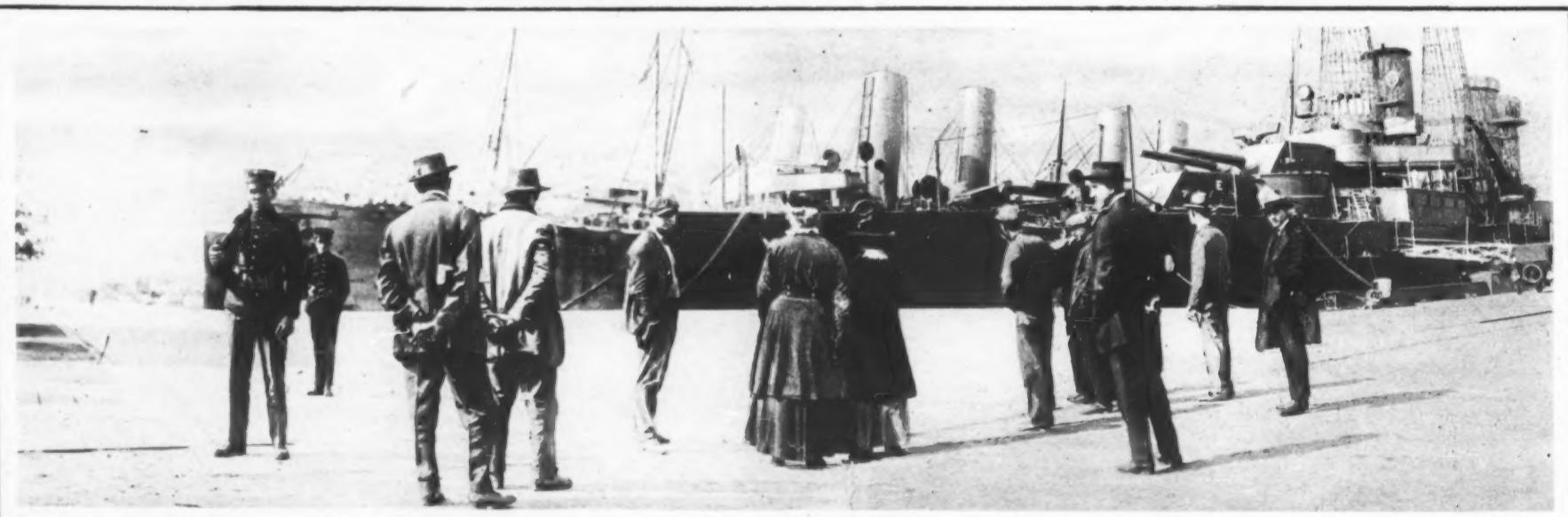
The village now almost completed; compare this with the view above; in the background are the fighting-tops of American warships.



Part of the village, with its background of German and American warships. The sailors do their own housekeeping, and have fowls, goats and various pets.



A housewarming in the village, when friends with permits come to visit.



THE SEA RAIDERS SNUG AT THEIR DOCKS, WITH UNCLE SAM'S NAVAL GUNS AND MEN OF THE U. S. MARINE CORPS KEEPING GUARD.
(Photos Underwood & Underwood, and © International Film Service.)

Players Come and Players Go, But Bernhardt — !



Bernhardt as Phedre, one of her most famous roles, as this is one of the most beautiful photographic studies made in recent years of the idolized French actress, who is reviving her past successes for delighted American audiences.

It is interesting to recall that Phedre, the notable work of that seventeenth century master, Jean Baptiste Racine, was opposed upon its production in 1677 by a court cabal who favored a

(Photograph © Rochlitz Studios.)

rival spurious Phedre, written by Pradon, a contemporary of Racine. The latter, feeling keenly the unwarranted success of his rival—and the sting of Mme. de Sevigne's remark that "Racine will go out of fashion, like coffee,"—gave up the writing of plays at the height of his career, producing little in the after years. Racine—coffee—and Bernhardt we have still with us! Three things to be thankful for.



Familiar Faces Seen as Congress Re-opens



President Wilson reading his annual address to Congress before a joint session of the Senate and the House of Representatives in the hall of the House, Dec. 5.



Ex-Speaker Joseph G. Cannon, a little older, surely, but seemingly as vigorous as ever. "Uncle Joe" is here posing for the amusement of friends. (G. V. Buck, from U. & M.)



Representative James R. Mann, minority leader, felicitates Champ Clark, Speaker of the House of Representatives, on the Democratic Presidential victory. (Photos from Central News Service.)

NEW YORK SOCIETY AIDS THE RUSSIAN BAZAAR



THE MISSES LIEBERT,
Daughters of the French Consul.



Many people prominent socially in New York gave their services in aid of the Russian Bazaar, held all last week in the Seventy-first Regiment Armory in New York. The bazaar was organized to aid Russian war charities, under the auspices of the Russian American Relief Association, of which Mme. Bakheteff, wife of the Russian Ambassador, is the President, and of the American Ambulance in Russia Committee and the American Friends of Russian Prisoners of War.

MISS MILDRED TILLOTSON,
Selling "dolls of the Allies."



MISS BELLE TAYLOR.
(Photographs © Underwood & Underwood.)

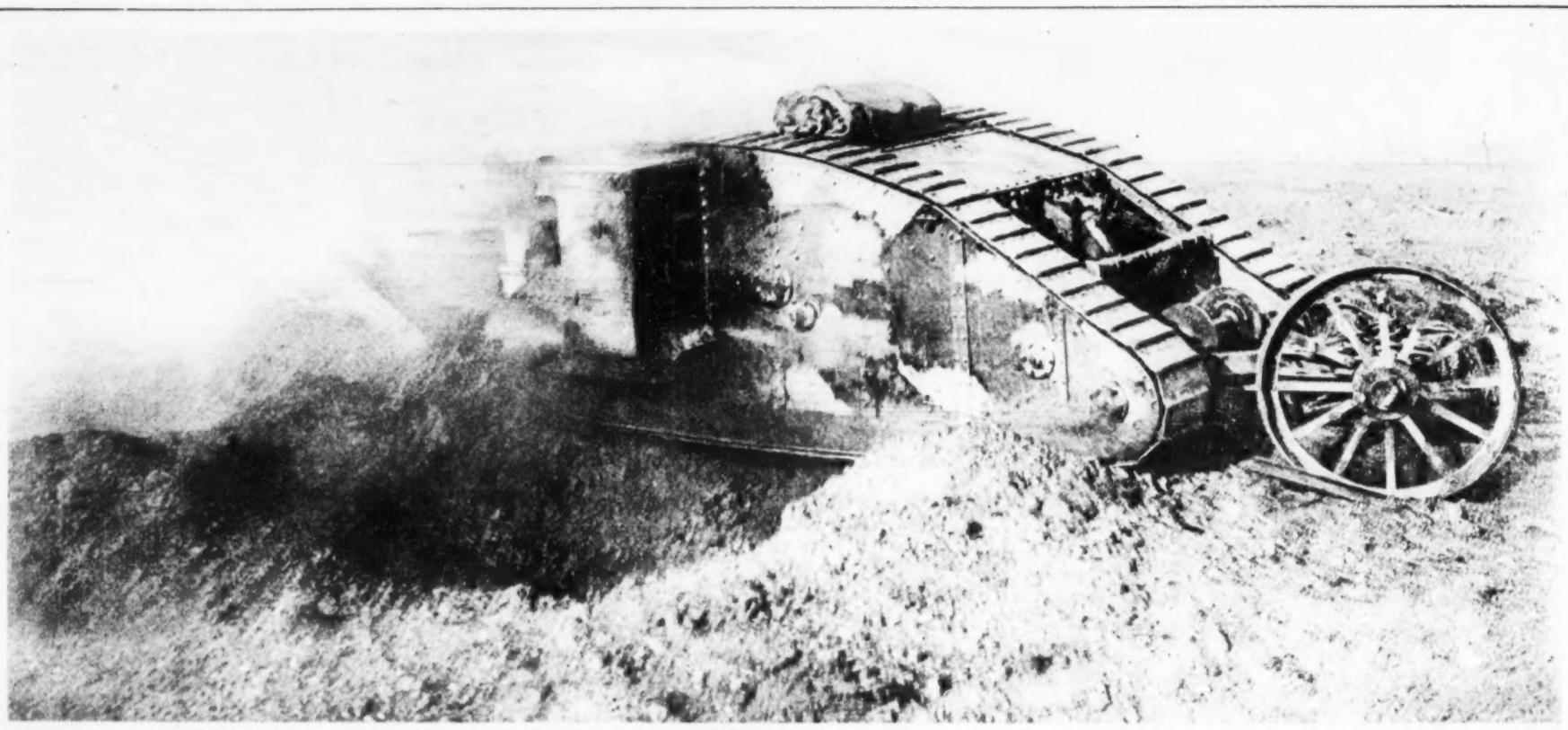


MISS FLORENCE FAIR,
Playing the Russian three-stringed Balalaika.



MRS. CHARLES H. BOYNTON,
President of the Russian Bazaar.

Some Tanks—And Other Things



Here are three views of the much talked about and seldom seen British "tank" or "Willie," sometimes known as the British armored car. The Germans call these rare birds "Panzerkraftwagen," but in the official nomenclature of the British War Office their designation is much more dignified; they are His Majesty's Land Ships. In the upper picture a tank astraddle a shell hole is going into battle; below, another, crawling forward, is passed by German prisoners going to the rear; the third picture shows a tank climbing out of a shell hole, with British infantry around it. (Photos © International Film Service and Central News Photo Service.)



THE WAY IN WHICH THE GERMANS BRAND THE UNIFORMS OF THEIR PRISONERS.
(Photo © A. P. A.; from Medem.)



Survivors departing in one of the small lifeboats of the P. and O. liner Arabia, after the ship was torpedoed on one of her regular trips in the Mediterranean. (© Underwood & Underwood.)